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# GEE AITCH 43

No. 55. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Wed., July 9, 1919

## Tonight---Show in Theatre

### MOVIES IN WARD 20.

Dwellers of Ward 20 again had the novel and enjoyable experience of lying in their beds and witnessing some "A-1" moving pictures on the wall. Mr. Nolley and Mr. Kent and the A. R. C. Portable Picture machine are responsible. Fine work.

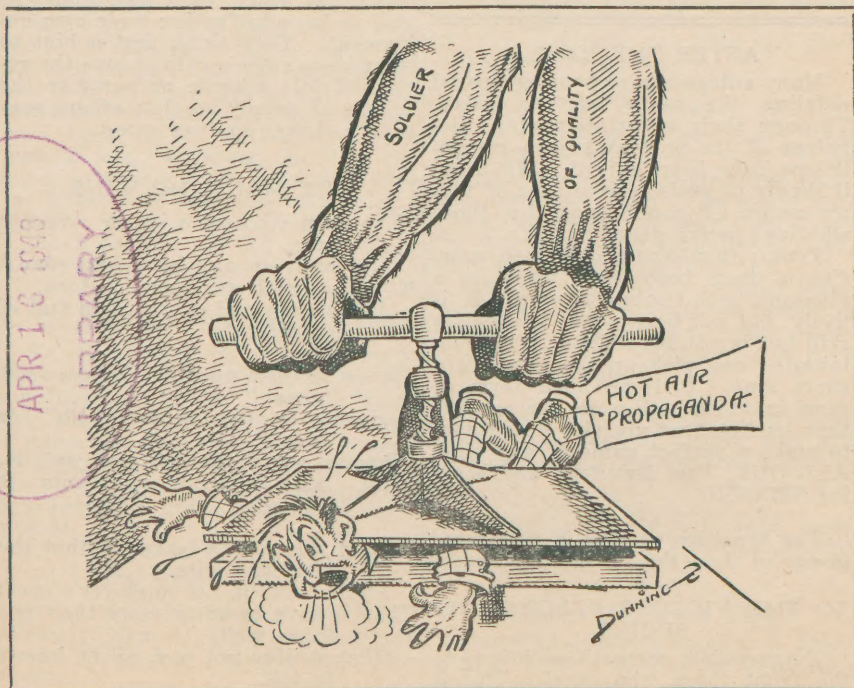
### HAD BIRTHDAY.

Mr. Nolley, A. R. C., Entertainment man, had a birth day yesterday! Honest to goodness—and who would ever think it could be his 28th? May you have many more—here's health to you.

### TELEPHONE MAN OPERATED ON

Pvt. 1st c. Harry Waxman, our efficient "Hello Girl," was admitted to the Hospital for appendicitis, Saturday morning, and is doing fine after the operation. Speedy recovery, Waxman.

Fireman Frahm delights in pointing out what wonderful progress has been made in the science of steam heating. "Why," says he, "even the water of Ocean View is kept warm by large steam pipes layed in accordance with scientific specifications." (Can you beat it)?



# GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,  
and devoted to the interests of  
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-  
ton, Va.

## Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,  
commanding officer.  
R. M. Snyder, Red Cross field  
director.

## Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson  
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning  
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

## Officer of the Day:

Captain Dodge

Wednesday, July 9, 1919.

## AFTER THE BALL.

Many eulogies have been composed extolling the value of the game. Through their exhortation many devotees of the various known competitions have been gained. We think it timely to praise the virtues of tennis as an all round sport for those who love active play.

Tennis furnishes a combined exercise of both body and mind in a pleasant, and recreative way. It is lively, but not boisterous; it requires skill but is not too difficult. The uninitiated can pick up the game in a short time. It is an ideal form of sport in which both sexes can engage, thus lending that vivacity which goes to make a perfect game of any kind. ALL OUT, Post Dwellers, and boost for TENNIS!

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The sunshine of love is ever more powerful than the snows of hate.

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## TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS.

Every public competition brings to the front those who excel. This is

well, being the purpose of the contest. Suitable tokens of award are granted to those who are fortunate, and are intended as a modest symbol to any who care to be concerned that the one wearing a medal has won merit. Depreciating or casting a slur upon such a token could hardly spring from anyone who is unselfish and public spirited. If those who wear a medal show a spirit worthy of the merit they have displayed, there is likely to be every due respect shown to the wearer. Let us accept the significance of a medal in the manner intended.

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When mind and body disagree  
there is no earthly harmony.

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## DEPRIVING THE OTHER FELLOW

One of the newshounds of this newspaper has discovered that some fellows have in their possession, athletic equipment which they are not using, but which other men would be glad to have to further their own enjoyment. They think that a hint to the wise is sufficient to induce the return of idle athletic property to the source of supply so that others may have a chance to draw same.

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## THE MAN WHO WINS.

"The man who wins is an average man,

Not built on any particular plan,  
Not blest with any peculiar luck,  
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

"When asked a question, he does not 'guess,'

He knows the answer, "No" or "Yes."

When set a task that the rest can't do,  
HE buckles down and puts it through.

"Three things he's learned—that the man who tries.

Finds favor in his employer's eyes;  
That it pays to know more than one thing well,

That it does not pay, all he knows to tell.



"So he works and waits till one fine day,

There's a better job with bigger pay,

And the men who shirked whenever they could,

Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

"For the man who wins, is the man who works,

Who neither labor nor trouble shirks;

He uses his hands, his head, his eyes;

The man who wins is the man who tries."—Selected.

## TWO FAT MEN IN POST EX-CHANGE.

The hale and hearty are to be the attractions at the local Post Exchange. Only recently our jovial M. O., of generous proportions was placed in charge to relieve Lt. Blackerby (scant-fed) when the latter leaves within the next few days. So far so good.

But Now! What have the powers done? "This is it," they have put the fattest and best fed non-com on the Post in line. Hosp. Sgt. Grett, erstwhile recruiting sergeant, to succeed Sgt. 1st c. Ehrman (another man of small physique) as Post Exchange steward. Drop in and give the prosperous duet the "once over." Nothing dyspetic about 'em!

Much luck to the fat men. They number with our best.

## K. OF C. HOLD FORMAL OPENING

The K. of C. Welfare Hut, in Phoebus, opened with all the pomp and circumstance of the occasion Monday evening. In spite of inclement weather, a capacity house enjoyed a pleasing entertainment that preceded the very enjoyable dance. Good music was provided, and refreshments were served.

## ON VISIT HOME.

Pvts. 1st c. F. Staruch and M. D. Weiger, Corpl. C. D. Weisgeiber and Cook J. Fagun are visiting their homes.

## SEARCH LIGHT MEN WANTED.

"In a 'Tent' by the side of the Road, by the side of the highway of life."

Just so is our new local Recruiting office situated. The only tent dwellers on the Post, and anchored on the lot adjoining the Main Mess Hall, where the heavy traffic comes and goes on its way to replenish raving appetites—right there, where "the race of men go by," Hosp. Sgt. Grett and Pvt. 1st c. Davidson have entrenched themselves to battle for recruits to the new army.

Take a look in some sunny afternoon, and go over the proposition with these gentlemen. They may have exactly what you want.

Enlistments in the Medical Dept., for one and three years, are open with special opportunities; there are openings in the M. T. C., Q. M. C., Signal Corps and other branches.

## Search Light Men

are wanted for the Search Light Organization in the 56th Engineers, Camp Humphreys, Va. Sgt. Grett or Pvt. Davidson are able and glad to give fuller details.

## BASEBALL.

The members of the Post Team were guests of the W. C. C. S. of Newport News at a dinner and show last Thursday night. The teams representing Camp Hill and Fort Monroe were there and all joined in making the night a merry one.

Schofield and Whitie Ziegler were the only ones detected in grabbing double portions. Their good looks appealed to the waitresses. A nice time was had by all.

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The Post team happens to have four three hundred hitters who are Otis, McCarthy and the Knode brothers.

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Schofield and Taylor have both registered one hit victories during the past week.

## RETURNED FROM VISIT.

Corporal Jessie Schwartz is again with us after a number of days visiting home circles.

### EAVESDROPPINGS.

Don't worry, Mac. G., we hear that she is better now.

Since Pvt. Holt's girls break dates and the boys treat him rough, he thinks he can plan for an S. C. D.

Sgt. Neeley broke the Heat Wave by taking a cold shower, clothed in a sheet and blanket.

Pvt. Hyman Silver has accepted a brand new Hair Cut during the Hot Wave. Keep it close, Silver, it is so becoming.

Pvt. McGilton entertained a bad headache and appetite Monday P. M. Turn in a little earlier, Mac.

Sgt. Custer (seeking quack-doctor fame) is prepared to treat any who are afflicted with corns. Those who are on the inside of his secret say that his preparation is camouflaged tooth liniment.

Sgt. 1st c. Popkins is in training for greater events. He came into real form Monday night when he strutted into the guard house bringing with him a prisoner. The Sergeant was all decked out with a big gun and carrying a pair of hand-cuffs. He will soon be in fine trim for the Palestine Expedition!

### HOT SHOTS FROM BARRACKS "I"

Sgt. Kidd informs us that he had the time of his life July 4th. Well, who couldn't have a fine time in a touring car filled with young ladies? We've got your number, old heart-breaker!

Sgt. Garbarino, the Annette Kellerman of the Post, took his first swim of the season, Sunday. So far, he is the only man that can stay under the water ten minutes and come up smiling.

Say Winters, what's the idea of dolling up and then standing at the Phoebus gate entrance? Can it be that we are being fooled?

We are all wondering who the two "Janes" were that Sgt. Parker invited to the Non-Coms' mess last Monday. They might be new "stenos" for the Detachment Office, but he won't tell.

Fenzel, get this: It isn't necessary for you to salute those buck privates from Fort Monroe just because they wear garrison caps; get wise to yourself and show us the results of your early training.

The boys on the "Upper Deck" are wondering just what they will do for clothes after Sgt. Connor gets his discharge. Come on, Alex, leave some of them so that we can go to Felix once in a while; don't be like Abe!

### PRIVATE MEDDLINGS.

Sgt. Burdette, we would like to know if SHE prefers the MOTOR-CYCLE to the RED CROSS BOAT, and if so, why?

We are sorry McGrady, to hear that your nightly visits have come to such an abrupt ending. Cheer up, Mac, you have a few months left.

Too bad Neelley, you are leaving the service this week. Maybe she will leave with you! Success, ol' boy!

Sgt. Custer of the Patients' Clothing Office is a little bit backward in society etiquette. We advise you to consult Sgt. Hosey.

We hear that Miss Conklin chaparroned a party of SIX at the soda fountain. It is earnestly requested that in the future, enough money be brought to cover expenses.

Kent, we don't know whether it is home-made or imported; you've always got IT.

Through Sgt. Custer's orders, Pvt. McGilton has been appointed TYPIST for the office!